

LIST OF DELINQUENT TAX PAYERS FOR THE YEARS 1910, 1911, 1912 AND 1913

As per order of Town Council you will herewith find a list of delinquent tax payers of the Town of Williams.
If taxes are not paid within a reasonable length of time from this publication, suit will be brought by the town attorney to collect these taxes.

W. C. Rittenhouse,
Town Clerk

	1910	1911	1912	Total
Atwood, J. H.	\$10 32	.83		\$11 15
Adams, Frank H.		1.45	1 73	3 18
Allen, A. A.	.62	.75		1 37
Brittian, Mrs. O. D.		1 35	.30	1 65
Beck, Edgar J.		1.17		1 17
Bennett Bros.		.15	.18	.33
Barilla Manuel	20	.25		45
Boulin, Frank			.21	21
Bessie Carpenter		60	.72	1 32
Campbell, J. M.		.05	.06	.11
Ebert, Ester J.	5 20	5 00		10 20
Dalton, James		1.95	3 34	5 29
Farrell, Tom	40			40
Finney, W. D.	40	50	60	1 50
Farnsworth, R. K. Estate		.75	.90	1 65
Fernandez, Angel		.62	.75	1 37
Gilbert Willis	.86			.86
Gilbert Abel		.70	.84	1 54
Garcia, Pedro		.50		.50
Geddes E. R.		.42		.42
Gilson, J. J.			4 95	4 95
Horton Jennie E.	20	.25	.30	.75
Hedlund Erick	28	.35		.63
G. R. Hurd		2 25		2 25
Hicks Marjorie		4 75	5 70	10 45
Johnson H. D.			1 86	1 86
Leavengood Ed	.10			.10
Langin E T	4 40			4 40
Levario Seterio		.85	.90	1 75
Long J.		.75	1 05	1 80
Levan Dago			.36	.36
McDonald Mrs. B.		1 25		1 25
Pieron Andy	.10	.12	.15	.37
Orth Ivy E.		1.70	2 04	3 74
Pleifer Mr.		.13	.15	.28
Nelson Arlie			.69	.69
Pratt A.			.39	.39
Riordan Mrs. C. Estate	.50			.50
Reneke Mike estate	8 92	11 12	13 35	33 32
Ross Anna Estate	.16			.16
Rounsville M J		.88	1 05	1 93
Rounsville Mable		5 00	6 00	11 00
Rounsville Mrs. M. J.		6 00	7 20	13 20
Rounsville Dr. A. G.		1 75	3 00	4 75
Rounsville Geo. P.			3 00	3 00
Ramey, Omar			3 30	3 30
Santa Cruz, Merced		.18	.18	.36
Smith, Thos.	4 93	6 69	8 03	19 65
Sanders, H. C.	2 00			2 00
Sanders, L. G.	1 30			1 30
Vanzandt, Anna	60	.75	.90	2 25
Naldez Jose	48	.70	.84	2 02
Winney Chas B.	20	.13	.15	.48
Ward Wm		.12	.84	.96
Winslow G P		.52	.63	1 15
Whittington Jas		.37	.45	.82
Walsh James		.50		.50
Ritter & Wade	3 42			3 42
Williams Drug Co	7 50	9 00	16 50	

Adams H. Frank	\$ 3 00
Allen A. A.	.37
Borunda Manuel	.68
Barney E. V.	.38
Boulin Frank A.	.68
Blumberg Joe	60.01
Campbell J. M.	.12
Carpenter Bessie	.75
Dunn L. D.	2 03
Fernandez Angel	.98
Farnsworth Estate	.98
Gurule Frank	1 58
Harkabus Rose	1 35
Harben Jennie E.	.24
Hedlund Erick	.12
Kay Mrs. Wm	5 48
Lamb Mrs. Bessie	3 08
Lindstrum August	.45
Lopez Mrs. D. C.	3 90
Levario Seterio	.90
McDonald Mrs. B.	1 20
Nippa Chas	.45
Pottle R. D.	1 95
Pleifer Mr.	.30
Pieron Andy	.24
Rounsville Geo. P.	3 75
Rounsville M J	.83
Rounsville Mrs. M J.	12 90
Rounsville Dr. A. G.	8 58
Reneke Mike Estate	11 03
Smythe Christophner	.18
Silvernail Lillian	4 30
Smith Thos.	8 73
Scott Estate	12 00
See Ira	.90
Van Zant Anna	1 05
Winslow G P.	.40
Williams Drug Co	9 87
Whittington James	.90
Young Geo U.	.90

FAIR NOTES

Phoenix, Arizona.
Nov. 11, 1914

Williams News:
The Fair has been hindered much by heavy rains Monday night and Tuesday. The track may be dry enough for races on Thursday if it rains no more. The school "mums" who are attending institute in Phoenix are having a delightful time wading mud this week. The following persons are in Phoenix during "Fair Week":
Mr. and Mrs. Framer, Mr. Buggeln and family, Mrs. Shaffer, Lester Snow, Mr. and Mrs. Slaughter, Mr. Bolin, Chester Field, and Sid Terry.
As institute is in session all day I shall not go out to fair until Thursday afternoon.

A. W. Y.

The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring
Story of the
Mexican
Revolution

By
DANE COOLIDGE
Author of "The Fighting Fool," "Hidden Waters," "The Tropic," etc.
Illustrations by DON J. LAVIN

(Copyright, 1914, by Frank A. Munsey.)
For a week they labored on together, grim, watchful, expectant—then, at the break of day, they heard a distant rattle of arms, like the tearing of a cloth, and knew that the battle was on.

The great whistle at Fortuna opened with its full, bass roar, and Amigo snatched up his gun and went loping down the canyon, drawn irresistibly by the sound of conflict. Bud lingered, climbing higher and higher to get a view of the country. But his young blood clamored for action too, and soon he was mounted and gone.

The fighting was not at the American town, but down the valley by Old Fortuna, and as Hooker galloped on toward the sound of the firing he noticed that it was on the move. Already the cowardly rebels were retreating—the volunteers from Fortuna were hurrying to get closer to them; the rurales were riding to flank them; and when Bud jumped his horse up the last hill and looked down into the broad, cultivated valley he saw the dust of their flight.

Down the fenced trail that led to the lower country the mounted insurgents were spurring in a rout; across the newly plowed field, of Aragon the men on foot were making a short cut for the hills; and all about them, like leaping grasshoppers, sprang up puffs of dust. Now they plunged into the willow brush along the river, where it swung in against the ridge; and as their pursuers broke into the open they halted and returned the fire. The bullets struck up the dust like hallstones in front of the oncoming irregulars, a man or two in the lead went down, and they faltered. Then, as frantically as the rebels, they turned and ran for cover.

While defenders and invaders shot back and forth across the broad field, Bud put spurs to his horse and rode closer, and when he came out on another hilltop he was just in time to see the rurales come pelting in from the west and take the revoltosos on the flank. There was a great deal of long-distance firing then, while the rebels slowly retreated, and finally, with a last defiant volley, the defenders turned back from their pursuit and marched triumphantly to Old Fortuna.

There, amid numerous vivas, Don Cipriano rolled out a cask of mescal and, after a fiery speech, invited the victors to help themselves. So they fell to drinking and carousing, and the one defender who had been wounded was bandaged and made much of, while a great crowd from the upper town looked on in awe and admiration.

At last Manuel del Rey and his rurales returned from harassing the enemy and with several wounded prisoners in their midst, the valor-drunk Mexicans formed a riotous procession and went marching back to town. Every horse and mule was carrying double guns were being dropped, broad hats knocked off, and ever, as they marched, they shouted:

"Viva Madero! Viva Mexico! Muerte a los revoltosos!"

It was an edifying spectacle to an American, and with the rest Bud tagged along to the plaza, where they had speeches and cheers galore and more mescal at the company's cantina. But in the midst of it, while he sat laughing on his horse by the hotel, Bud felt a gravel strike his broad hat from above and, looking furtively up, he beheld Gracia Aragon smiling down at him from the balcony.

She beckoned him with a swift movement and gazed over the assembly again, and after a few moments of deliberation Hooker tied his horse and wandered into the hotel.

A tinge of excitement went over him as he tramped up to the ladies' parlor, for he had never met Gracia face to face. But he disguised his qualms by assuming a mask-like grimace of countenance and, when the glorious Gracia glided out of her room to meet him, he only blinked and stood pat.

A long experience as a poker player was all that saved him from betrayal, for there was something in her very presence which made his heart leap and bound. But he only gazed at her somberly, without even so much as raising his hat.

Back in Texas, in his social world, it was considered almost unmanly to thus salute the ladies. So he stood there, his big sombrero pulled down over his mop of light hair, gazing at her without a blink.

Perhaps it was not altogether as friendly a scrutiny of her charming features as Gracia expected, for he remembered what she had done to his partner; but if she sensed such a rare thing as disapproval from a young man, she was too excited to show it. Her lips trembled, and she looked back furtively, meanwhile drawing him into an alcove by the slightest twitch of his sleeve.

"Don't talk too loud," she whispered. "My mother is listening from the room—but for the love of God, tell me, where is Phil?"

"I don't know," answered Bud, trying to lower his big voice to a boudoir softness; "he joined the rurales and was ordered north—that's all I know."

"Yes, yes, to be sure; but haven't you heard from him?"

She seemed to be all impatience to snatch his news and fly with it, but Bud was in no such hurry. And so far was he from being a carpet knight that he immediately raised his voice to its normal bass. It was all right for Phil and his kind to talk by signs and whispers, but that was not his style.

"Not since he went away," he said. "He left me a little note, then, saying—"

"Saying what?" she demanded breathlessly.

"Well, saying that he had enlisted to keep from being executed, and—that's about all!"

"And not a word about me?"

"Yes," admitted Bud; "he said he'd try to put up with it—on account of you—and—"

"What?" she entreated, taking him beseechingly by the coat.

"Well," stammered Hooker, shifting his feet and looking away, "he told me to kinder take care of you—while he was gone."

"Ah!" she breathed, still standing close to him, "and will you do it?"

"I reckon so," said Bud, "if we have any trouble."

"But I'm in trouble now!" she cried.

"I'm watched—I can't get away—and I'm afraid!"

"Afraid of what?" she demanded.

"Of him!" she answered, her voice breaking; "of Manuel del Rey!"

"Well," replied Hooker bluntly, "I've got nothing to do with that—I can't



"But I'm in trouble now!" she cried.

interfere in your love affairs—but if they're war and they try to take the town, you can count on me."

"Oh, thank you," she said, bowing satirically. "And do you expect a war?"

"Not with that bunch of hombres!" returned Bud, waving a disparaging hand toward the noise of the shouting. At this she broke down and laughed. Evidently she was not so fearful of discovery after all.

"You forget, sir," she said, "that I am a Mexican!"

Then, as he failed to show any signs of contrition, she changed her mood again.

"But wait!" she ran on, her eyes flashing. "Perhaps we are not so eager to defend our government when we have a new one every year. But if the men who are gathering in Chihuahua invade our country, you will find that as Sonorans those men will fight to the death."

"You laugh because you do not understand. But why should we Sonorans fight side by side with the federales and rurales? Are they not the soldiers of Diaz, who have simply changed to another master? That Manuel del Rey was last year hunting down Maderistas in the hills; now he is fighting for Madero! And tomorrow? Who can say?"

She shrugged her shoulders scornfully, and Hooker perceived that she was in earnest in her dislike of the dashing captain, but prudence warned him to say nothing if he would escape being drawn into the quarrel.

"No!" she went on, after an expectant pause, "let the rurales pursue these bandits—they are hired for that purpose! But if Orozco and Salazar join this ladron, Bernardo Bravo, and seek to capture our towns, then, Senor Americano, you will see real war and men fighting to the death! Ah, you laugh again—you are a Texan and judge us Sonorans by the cowardly Chihuahuans—but it is the truth. And I, for one," she added naively, "would be almost glad to have war. Do you know why? To see if you would really defend me!"

She smiled, looking frankly into his eyes, and Bud blushed to the roots of his hair, but once again he held his peace.

"What, senor!" she bantered; "you do not speak? Surely, then, your friend De Laney was wrong when he said you would save me! For look, Mr. Hooker, I am promised to marry

dear Phil! But how can I manage that when Manuel del Rey is watching me? It is impossible, is it not?"

"Seems so," muttered Bud, and in the back of his head he began to think quickly. Here was the fountainhead of his misfortunes, and if she had her way she would lay all his plans in ruins—and even then not marry Phil. In fact, from the light way she spoke, he sensed that she did not intend to marry him. Her grudge was against Manuel del Rey who drove away all her lovers.

"Well," he ventured, "there's no rush, I reckon—Phil's enlisted for five years."

"Ha!" she cried contemptuously; "and do you think he will serve? No! At a word from me he will flee to the border and I shall join him in the United States!"

"What?" demanded Bud; "Phil desert?"

In a moment he saw what such a move would mean to him—to Kruger and the Eagle Tail—and he woke suddenly from his calm.

"Here now," he said, scowling as he saw that she was laughing at him, "you've made me and Phil enough trouble. You let that boy alone, savvy?"

He stooped toward her as he spoke, fixing her with masterful eyes that had tamed many a bad horse and man, and she shrank away instinctively. Then she glanced at him shyly and edged over toward the open door.

"I will do what I please, Mr. Hooker," she returned, balancing on the verge of flight.

"All right," Bud came back; "but don't you call me in on it. You've made a fool of Phil—I suppose you'd like to get me, too. Then your father would grab our mine."

"What do you mean?" she challenged, turning back upon him.

"I mean this," responded Hooker warmly. "Phil holds the title to our mine. If he deserts he loses his Mexican citizenship and his claim is no good. But you don't need to think that your father will get the mine then, because he'll have to whip me first!"

"O-ho!" she sneered; "so that is what you are thinking of? You are a true gringo, Mr. Hooker—always thinking about the money!"

"Yes," returned Bud; "and even at that I believe your old man will best me!"

She laughed again, with sudden capriciousness, and stood tapping the floor with her foot.

"Ah, I see," she said at length, gazing at him reproachfully; "you think I am working for my father. You think I got poor Phil into all this trouble in order to cheat him of his mine. But let me tell you, Senor Gringo," she cried with sudden fire, "that I did not! I have nothing to do with my father and his schemes. But if you do not trust me—"

She turned dramatically to go, but when Hooker made no effort to stay her she returned once more to the attack.

"No," she said, "it was because he was an American—because he was brave—that I put my faith in Phil. These Mexican men are cowards—they are afraid to stand up and fight! But Philip dared to make love to me—he dared to sing to me at night—and when Manuel del Rey tried to stop him he stood up and made a fight!"

"Ah, that is what I admire—a man who is brave! And let me tell you, Senor Hooker, I shall always love your friend! If I could run away I would marry him tomorrow; but this cur, Manuel del Rey, stands in the way. Even my own father is against me. But I don't care—I don't care what happens—only do not think that I am not your friend!"

She paused now and glanced at him shyly, and as her eloquent eyes met his own Bud felt suddenly that she was sincere. The gnawing and corrosive doubts that had eaten at his heart fell away, and he saw her now in her true beauty, with no uneasy thoughts of treachery to poison his honest love. "I believe you, lady," he said. "And I'm glad to know you," he added, taking off his hat and bowing awkwardly. "Anything I can do for you, don't hesitate to ask for it—only I can't go against my partners on this mine."

He bowed again and retreated toward the door, but she followed him impulsively.

"Shake hands," she said, holding out both her own, "and will you help me?"

"Sure!" answered Bud, and as her soft fingers closed on his he took them gently, for fear that he might crush them and never know.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A month of weary waiting followed that day of days in Fortuna, and still there was no word from Phil. Bernardo Bravo and his rebel raiders passed through the mountains to the east, and news came of heavy fighting in Chihuahua. Don Cipriano Aragon moved his family back to his hacienda and Gracia became only a dream.

Then, one day, as Hooker and the Yaqui were industriously pounding out gold, a messenger came out from town with a telegram in his hand.

Am in Gadsden. No chance to hold mine. Kruger says quit—P. I. muttered Bud. Then he sat down to think. "Amigo," he said to the Yaqui, "are you a Mexican citizen? Can you get title to mine?"

"Me a Mexican?" repeated Amigo, tapping himself on the chest. "No, senor! Seguro que no!"

"Ah, right then," observed Bud bitterly, "here goes nothing—nowhere! I'll turn Mexican myself!"

(Continued next week)

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